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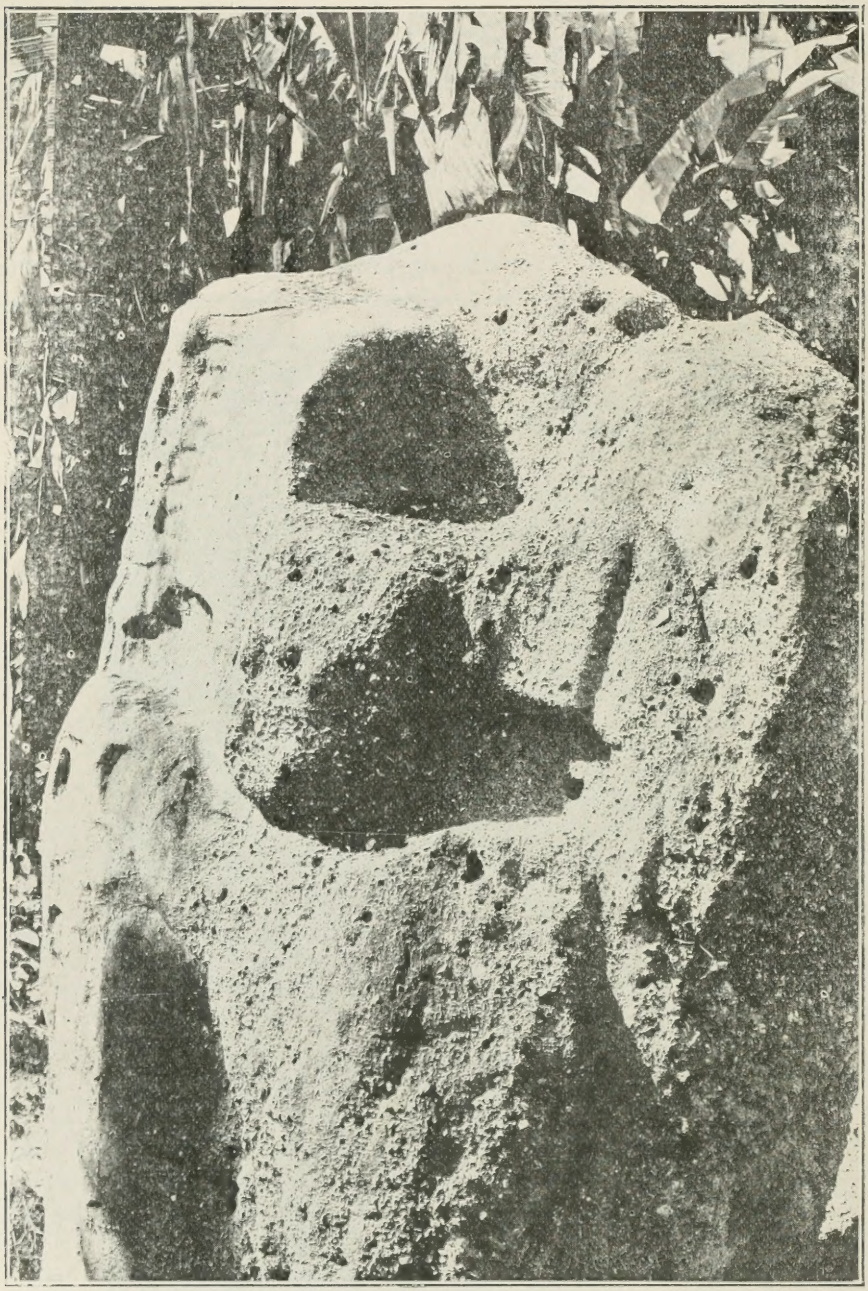
PRIMITIVE STELA NEAR QUIRIQUIA



REAR OF PRIMITIVE STELA

PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE VISITS SANTA FE

COLONEL Ralph V. D. Magoffin, President of the Archaeological Institute of America, was a guest of the School of American Research from April 4 to 6, being the third president of the Institute to make an official visitation. The staff of the School and of the Museum of New Mexico were much pleased to greet Dr. Magoffin, whose interest in their work was manifest. On Thursday, Assistant Director Lansing Bloom and Curators K. M. Chapman and Wesley Bradfield accompanied him to the ruins of Pecos pueblo, where hours were spent in going over the excavations and studying the ancient communal houses. A similar trip was taken on Friday to the Rito de los Frijoles, officially known as the Bandelier National Monument. Special attention was paid by the visitor to the restoration of the House of the Sun Clan which had been made under the direction of Mr. Chapman. Dr. Magoffin pointed out many points of similarity between the work in the classic fields and in the Southwest.

On Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Santa Fe Society of the Archaeological Institute, Dr. Magoffin lectured to a fine audience gathered in the St. Francis Auditorium. Colonel Ralph C. Twitchell of the Managing Board of the School of American Research and a Regent of the Museum, presided, and introduced the speaker of the evening alluding incidentally to Dr. Magoffin's notable war service both during the Spanish-American War and the Great War, and his scientific attainments, telling of the recent call of Dr. Magoffin from Johns Hopkins University to head the classical department of the University of the City of New York. Dr. Magoffin before going into the subject which had been announced for the evening, reviewed the activities and plans of the Institute, frankly stating the difficulties, especially in a financial way, which had to be overcome but speaking with assurance of the great work in Classical, Oriental and American fields that are to be done. The audience was especially interested in the proposal to raise an endowment of $250,000 for the American School and similar endowments for the other schools not yet endowed. The matter of publications, especially of The American Journal of Archaeology of which Dr. Magoffin is an associate editor, and of Art and Archaeology which he had edited for several years, was explained in detail. The speaker referred feelingly to the presidents of the Institute who had died, paying special tribute to Dr. Harry L. Wilson, who had been a visitor in Santa Fe shortly before his death in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and whose widow is a resident of Santa Fe.

The speaker took his hearers by word and picture to the classic shores of Italy and Greece. His droll wit and humor helped to make the lecture unusually entertaining even to the laymen to whom classic archaeology is a remote subject. Taking the boat at Brindisi and passing through the canal of Corinth, the lecturer paused to review the latest excavations and finds by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. Returning to Italy, the recent discoveries at Ostia and the latest development of archaeological research in the Roman Forum were covered in detail. In conclusion, the American Academy in Rome was visited. The pictures thrown on the screen were superb and the wealth of travel incident related gave a vivid setting to the informative details. After the

lecture, a reception under the auspices of the Woman's Museum Committee was given in the social rooms of the Art Museum. Among the distinguished guests were United States Senator A. A. Jones and a number of well known artists and writers. An opportunity was given to view the newest paintings in the galleries. including group exhibits by J. G. Bakos, F. G. Applegate, Will Schuster, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Sheldon Parsons and others.

On Friday evening, the business men of Santa Fe tendered Dr. Magoffin a banquet at the new La Fonda Hotel, Dr. Magoffin taking the occasion to bring the work and aims of the Archaeological Institute convincingly before his audience. He counseled his hearers to persist in their efforts to maintain Santa Fe, a City Unique and Beautiful, an object which can best be attained by insisting that all new buildings conform to the style of architecture which Santa Fe has made peculiarly its own. Colonel Twitchell excelled even himself as toastmaster in his happy references to the speakers which included besides Dr. Magoffin, Representative Cramton of Michigan, Governor J. F. Hinkle, Paul A. F. Walter and Rupert Asplund.

Says The Santa Fe New Mexican of the affair:

"Santa Fe and the American School of Research are unique; the Archaeological Institute of America intends to back this school, one of five now operating, to the limit and make it the distributing point for American archaeological activities, Col, R. V. D. Magoffin, president of the Institute, assured some fifty business and professional men at a banquet in his honor in La Fonda hotel given by the School here. Col. Magoffin and Representative Louis C. Cramton, of Michigan, chairman of a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, were the principal speakers and interested and entertained their hearers. Col.. R. E. Twitchell, long associated with the management of the School here, presided at the dinner and Governor Hinkle was among those seated at the speaker's table.

"Col. Magoffin talked rapidly for nearly an hour and held the close and interested attention of his audience as he gave a graphic picture of his travels through Greece, on archaeology bent, depicted the absorbing fascination of research and the intense appeal to people everywhere of such discoveries as that of the tomb of Tut-enk-Amen in Egypt, the lion's share of credit for which he gave to American archaeologists. He digressed into various interesting anecdotes, including the meeting in the Orient with Colonel Donald Gray, Scottish peer, whose remarkable resemblanee to Kitchener has been one factor in convincing thousands of Britons that the hero of Khartoum did not go down with the ill-fated Hampshire and still lives. Like a message from Mars was the stone of cloudy chalcedony, set in a ring, which he passed around for inspection, discovered in a vase of silver coins brought from an island of the Aegean, and engraved with a marvelous microscopic figure of a Greek runner bearing a prize vase, cut in the stone which is nearly as hard as a diamond. It dates back to 413 B. C. There was much repartee between him and Congressman Cramton regarding his feat of buying the stone. valued at hundreds of dollars, from a Greek for $2.40.

"It would be impossible to give space to half of the interesting stories told by the speaker. Of most interest to Santa Fe is his expressed attitude of appreciation of the work done by the School of Research here and determination to see that it is properly endowed. He praised the legislature for its public spirit in keeping up the appropriation for the Museum here, and the spirit of Santa Feans in making Santa Fe architecturally what he termed the only 'unique American city' on the continent.

"Col. Magoffin said that the Institute maintains schools at Athens, Rome, Jerusalem and Santa Fe; that an archaeo-

logical survey of the whole world is to be made; that Santa Fe is to be made the center of American archaeology, Philadelphia the distributing point for Oriental material, New York for Italian and Boston for Greek; that an exchange arrangement for duplicate specimens is being worked out whereby each museum will in time become a world museum and give its own locality the benefit of the work done in all lands. The interest in archaeology is universal and tremendous," said the speaker. "After the discovery at Luxor eight special ships bore 16,000 people from this country to Egypt, drawn by the desire to see Pharaoh's tomb and the things found there. Now Colorado and New Mexico have just as good 'dope;' just as interesting a field, as fine stuff as may be unearthed anywhere; but the world doesn't know yet what we have down here. The two states have more material than all the rest.

"Representative Cramton developed one of the drollest and most entertaining after dinner speeches ever heard in Santa Fe. His best bon mot was his description of his toilsome climb to the temple of Apollo, to consult the oracle of Delphi about the primary held in his district while he was in the East during the war. This was my chief archaeological experience, and it was disappointing, he said. 'The oracle simply told me that 'a mistake had been made.' She failed me in my greatest need.

"Following a line developed by Magoffin, the speaker urged America to benefit by the mistakes of other civilizations in the past and not to fall into the national failing of believing ourselves superior to everyone else and everything that has gone before. When in Europe, he said, I was impressed not so much with its antiquity as with our own absolute newness. We must guard as a nation against the defects which have made these other ancient civilizations dead!

"Paul A. F. Walter, of the Santa Fe School was the last speaker, bearing a message from Santa Fe to the President of the Institute, and he contrasted the substantial support in public funds given all the big museums elsewhere with that given by the state of New Mexico, paying tribute to Frank Springer and other private donors who have given generously to the cause of the work here. Mr. Walter pointed out forcibly that returns on the work of archaeological research here are ten, twenty and a hundred fold not only to the scientist and the artist, but to the every day citizen, the banker and the merchant. It was a strong plea for more general public appreciation and support of the work of the school."

"Mrs. Hugh Lamoureux was hostess at at a small dinner Thursday night before the lecture, in honor of Col. Ralph V. D. Magoffin, President of the Archaeological Institute of America, an old friend. Col. and Mrs. R. E. Twitchell and Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. F. Walter were other guests. When Mrs. Lamoureaux was Mrs. Harry Langford Wilson, Ralph Magoffin was Prof. Wilson's favorite student at Johns Hopkins at Baltimore; later he went to Rome with the Wilsons and lived with them there, on their return he became Prof. Wilson's associate and a very close friendship existed between the two."

The following is from the New York Times in reference to Dr. Magoffin's call to the University of the City of MewYork:

"Dr. Ralph Van Deman Magoffin, associate professor of Greek and Roman history at John Hopkins University and president of the Archaeological Institute of America, has been appointed head of the department of classics at the University of the City of New York, it was announced last night by Chancellor Elmer Ellsworth Brown.

"Dr. Magoffin last night said he had accepted the appointment. He will take up his duties at the New York University with the beginning of the next academic year and plans to leave Baltimore September 5.

It was announced Sunday that Dr. Magoffin had declined the presidency of St. John's College, Annapolis. The Hopkins professor had been elected

president of St. John's College March 5, at a meeting of the board of governors and visitors of the institution. In declining the presidency he declared in a letter to the St. John's authorities that he had agreed to accept another position.

"The department of classics at the New York University has been formed recently by the combination of the department of Latin, of which Prof. E. G. Sihler has been the head for more than 30 years, and the department of Greek, of which Prof. W. E. Waters has been the head since 1902. Both Prof. Sihler and Professor Waters are retiring in June under the provisions of the Carnegie retirement system.

"Dr. Magoffin said last night he had been authorized by the university authorities to add a department of classical archaeology to the departments of Latin and Greek. This group will be known as the department of classics, of which Dr. Magoffin will be the head. The Hopkins professor said last night that he always had been interested primarily in archaeology and had many plans for this new branch of the department of classics.

"Dr. Magoffin for a number of years has been associate professor of classical history and instructor in archaeology at Johns Hopkins University. He is in demand as a university lecturer, and in addition to his work at Hopkins has served as an instructor in ancient history at the Summer School of Columbia University. He will complete his duties at Hopkins August 31.

Associate editor of the American Journal of Archaeology, Dr. Magoffin has contributed many articles upon subjects of classical history and archaeology. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1902, with classics as a major subject, and continued his studies in Germany and Italy. In 1920-21 he was professor in charge of the school of classical studies in the American Academy in Rome. A native of Kansas, the professor is a cousin of Beriah Magoffin, war governor of Kentucky. He is a veteran of the Spanish-American War and won the rank of lieutenant colonel in the World War.

In leaving Hopkins, Dr. Magoffin said last night that he greatly appreciated the action of the senior class of the undergraduate department, which sent him a letter asking him to remain at Hopkins. The letter announced that the professor had been elected an honorary member of the class and that this year's 'Hullabaloo' would be dedicated to him."

IT IS WRITTEN

Two Poetry Magazines.

Rose Henderson of New Mexico contributes a short but powerful poem to March "Contemporary." It is entitled "Lynched." The most notable contribution to the issue is "The Round of God," by Allen Crafton. Elizabeth J. Coatsworth prints "Three Poems of the Orient." Marjory Allen Seiffert is among the better known writers who help to make the number an interesting one. In lighter mood is the California issue of the "American Poetry Magazine," which in addition to fifty poems prints California illustrations in half-tone, an unusual feature for a poetry magazine. The verses are lyric, most of them, songs of the country such as Cancion a Manuelita by Edwin Renold Lane, with a reminder of Heinrich Heine's "Dona Clara:" Manuelita, Manuelita,

Soft I hear the strumming zither,
And the castanetos clicking as the dark-faced minstrels play.
Sweetest thought in memory lingers
Tender clinging of your fingers—
Softly clinging, mi querida, ere at dusk I went away!

In none of the poems we find such majestic lines as

"The winds of heaven trample down the pines",

but they are all worth while collecting and keeping within the two covers of a well printed magazine such as this California issue.

WAITING ON THE MAYA GHOSTS

BY ALMA REED IN THE NEW YORK TIMES

AFTER silent centuries, progress is smoking the waiting ghosts of the Maya from their sculptured halls.

The Yucatologist—in spite of his traditions of peril and hardship inherited from those literary wanderers among the ruined Maya temples—insists upon creature comforts with his archaeology. Already he finds advantages which few adventurers into the past for the sake of future knowledge have enjoyed. Not even the Egyptologist, with Cairo and Shepheards on his route.

While American science stands on the verge of discoveries which many believe will rival those of Lord Carnarvon, the devices of modern civilization are fast bringing the more famous of Yucatan's ancient cities into comparatively easy reach.

Uxmal, which means "thrice destroyed," was the first to capitulate. A month ago it fell from proud isolation to commonplace accessibility. Its doom was sealed in the orange perfumed stillness of the Merida midnight when twenty "Yucatologists," the pioneer group to bear the newly coined appellation, boarded a luxurious Pullman car at "Estacion Peninsular."

An hour earlier this party, including the American scientists who were in Yucatan to inaugurate archaeological surveys for their various institutions, had left the cordial banquet table of Governor Felipe Carrillo. Formal dress exchanged for hiking togs, a zealous reception committee had motored us down to the depot. Trailing behind was the banquet orchestra playing a sweet Maya melody—in delicate tribute, of course, but primarily because nothing, absolutely nothing, is done on the Yucatan Peninsula without musical accompaniment.

In the morning we awoke at Muna, forty miles from Merida. After breakfast, with its inevitable and very welcome shower of tropical fruits, we left the train to take "Fortingas"—the Mexican for "Fords." The ten mile stretch to the ruins is rough in places, although vastly improved, and daily improving, under Governor Carillo's good roads program. But not even the most tender footed Yucatologist had the heart to complain seriously of jolting when he thought of the heroism recorded by earlier explorers or listened to the more recent experiences as related by members of the local archaeological society.

Until the present visit of the American scientists and the first body of organized tourists, Uxmal was reached by afternoon train from Merida, which meant, if the traveler were lucky, a night in a hennequin hammock at Muna. The pueblo had no hotels, and lodging was obtained only "por favor." The real terror of the journey, however, was this same ten mile stretch in a "volancoche." The "volan," —Yucatan's native vehicle—is a covered two wheeled cart, and according to all foreigners who have made its acquaintance any attempt at further description is pure banality. It may be known properly only through its effects, and like the toad beneath the harrow, none but the Yucatologist of yesterday can fully appreciate each tooth point, as in memory he bounces and bumps in company with his fellow passengers over the interlaced leather straps swung from the crude wooden frame.

Merida has its stories of prim New England schoolmarms and aristocratic English ladies, who, in response to long suppressed desires to view the Maya ruins, journeyed to Uxmal by "volan-co-

che." Before the finish of the first kilometer, runs the reminiscence of one Yucatecan host, the dignified ladies apologetically removed their stiff, befeathered headgear to avoid total destruction, they explained, by intermittent contact with the "volan's" top. At the end of the second kilometer they removed their shoes out of mutual regard for each other's features. Less apologetically and less altruistically, divestment proceeded along the two hour ride. And when, "past all hope for caring," they finally arrived at Uxmal they might have been greeted by warrants of arrest if Yucatan had known the vigilance of a functioning vice crusade.

But the "Fortinguas" brought us to the Uxmal hacienda with propriety and speed. We stopped at the rambling, feudal looking old building, for its battlemented, gray stone wall, an arched gate, and two deep wells with huge wooden treadmill wheels, were worth a halt even on the way to Uxmal. The ruins, formerly a part of the hacienda property, were less than a mile distant, the road leading through a dense forest.

If the comparative comfort of the trip had developed an attitude of easy familiarity in our approach to the ancient seat of Mayan royalty, proper meekness and humility of heart descended upon us as we found ourselves, quite suddenly, in the midst of the noble monuments of Uxmal. In their first striking, picturesque effect, Stephens places them at the side of the ruins of Thebes. But whatever their rank among the world's impressive sights, it is difficult to conceive of anything more strangely startling than these lofty pyramids and gigantic terraced buildings as they tower above the plain in every direction. The mystery of it all intrigues as much as the spectacle. What was the background for this tremendous artistry? What was the urge for such magnificence? Why was the city abandoned?

The only certainty is that here stands an achievement of culture that must have been centuries in the molding. Here is proof that this culture grew and flourished and vanished, yet its coming and its going have left not so much as a single authentic record. The meaning has slipped away from us—back into the seething sea of human history as tracelessly as a "pebble cast." * * * Will modern science, represented by the American archaeologists who are now in Yucatan, fathom the depths and recover the lost secret of the Maya civilization?

The House of the Diviner, also known as the House of the Enano, or Dwarf, crowns a great oblong mound in the immediate foreground as we emerge from the wood. With outward unconcern, and inward misgiving, some of us, clinging to a heavy iron chain, ascended the precipitous stone steps of the mounds eastern face—the remains of what was, and still is, from a distance, an imposing staircase, seventy feet wide and over one hundred feet in height. Reaching the summit and entering the richly decorated but dilapidated edifice, designed for the revolting rite of human sacrifice, it was easy to appreciate why the Spanish invaders, or perhaps the Indians of the region, gave it the name of the House of the Diviner. From its elevated position it commands an immense panorama, enabling the priest who dwelt there—if priest he were—to keep constant watch on the lives lived on the vast encircling plain and on the lesser man made hills.

At a glance the eye picks out the principal buildings of the Uxmal Group. Directly beneath is "La Casa de la Monjas," the famous Temple of the Nuns, with its great quadrangle enclosed by remarkably beautiful sculptured walls. To the west is the House of the Tortoise, so called from its long frieze of turtles. To the right, in the distance, is a double terraced structure designated as the "Casa de las Palomas," perhaps because to the conquerors it suggested an enormous pigeon house. The House of

the Old Woman lies off to the left, and on all sides are nameless mounds, overgrown with aged trees and awaiting only the implements of the excavator to reveal their long concealed marvels.

To the south majestically rises the House of the Governor. It is the dominant edifice of Uxmal, and is generally regarded as the most extensive and most magnificent ruin in Central America. It stands on three ranges of stone walled terraces, the first 600 feet in length and 5 feet high. The second terrace, 15 feet above, is topped by a broad platform, around which extends a row of low stone pillars. The third, of an equal height, is reached by a range of steps over 100 feet broad. The facade, adorned with elaborate figures and longitudinal panels of geometric mosaics of separately carved stones, measures 320 feet.

The serpent is the motif for most of the decoration, as indeed it is in practically all Maya architectural art, the form being idealized in the delineation of entirely different ideas. The House of the Governor furnishes some of the most striking examples extant of the pure Maya arch. Many of the vaulted compartments, which with but modest expenditure could be put in order for royal occupancy once more, show flawless corbel arches.

Uxmal, it is said by some authorities, was planned to reflect on earth the supposed design of the heavens, for astronomy was the end and aim of the Maya's learning and the science in which he excelled. It is also asserted that each temple of the group is dedicated to one of the zodiacal signs and its position relative to other temples corresponds with the relative position of zodiacal asterisms. Such a plan demanded that the topography of the entire city be studied and arranged before a temple was erected so that the celestial scheme might be completed within the limits of the site.

Uxmal has its legend, the poetic translation of the superstitious reverence with which the Indians regard the ruins. The story concerns three of the buildings, the House of the Governor, the House of the Diviner, or the Dwarf, and the House of the Old Woman. It is sung to the Maya babies and impressively related to the traveler, and here it is as it was told to the "Yucatologists:"

"There was an old woman who lived in a hut that existed on the very site now occupied by the House of the Dwarf, and as can be seen, directly opposite the House of the Governor. The old woman mourned that she had no children. In her distress a happy thought came to her, and taking an egg she covered it with a cloth and carefully put it on the ground in the corner of her hut. Every day she went to look at it, until one morning she found the egg had hatched and a "criatura" or creature, had come to life. The old woman was delighted and called the queer baby her son.

"She took great care of it, and in one year the child walked and talked like a man, and then it stopped growing. This was a sign for the old woman that her son would be a great ruler, and her ambition being great, she told the dwarf to go to the house of the Governor and challenge him to a trial of strength. At first the dwarf offered every possible objection, but finally he yielded to the old woman, and went forth to fling his challenge to the Governor. The latter smiled and told the dwarf to lift a stone weighing three arrobas, or 75 pounds. At this the little fellow cried and returned to his mother, but she told him to go back and say that if the Governor first lifted the stone, he would do so afterward. This the Governor did, and the dwarf immediately followed suit. The Governor then tried him in the other feats of strength; the dwarf was equal to every emergency.

"At length being indignant at being matched by a dwarf, the Governor told him that unless he built a house in one night higher than any in the region, he

would kill him. In great grief the poor dwarf returned to his mother, who bade him be comforted and not to be disheartened as everything would be accomplished according to his desires.

"The next morning he woke and found himself in a lofty building. The Governor seeing it from the door of his palace, was astonished and sent for the dwarf and told him to collect two bundles of cogoiol, a wood of a very hard species, with one of which he, the Governor, would beat the dwarf over the head and afterward the dwarf should beat him with the other. When he tearfully communicated the new requirement to his mother she was equal to the occasion, and told the dwarf not to be concerned with a trifle of this sort at the same time putting a tortilla de trigo, or a small cake of wheaten flour, on the crown of his head. This she assured him, was to serve as a protection from the expected blows.

"It was arranged that this trial was to take place before the principal persons of the city. The Governor then commenced and broke all the sticks in his bundles without hurting the dwarf in the least. He tried to avoid submitting his own head to the dwarf's blows, but he had to submit, because of the audience, and at the second blow his skull was shattered. The dwarf was then hailed as the victor and immediately proclaimed the new ruler of Uxmal. The old woman's prophecy had come true and she died contented, seeing her son elevated to this high position."

The sequel to the legend says that in the Indian village of Mani, seventeen leagues distant from Uxmal, there is a deep well with which is connected a great cave that leads underground for an immense distance toward Merida, where on the bank of a stream and under the shade of a large tree—all under ground—an old woman sits with a serpent by her side. She sells water in small quantities, but not for money. The coin must be in the form of a baby, immediately given to the serpent to swallow.

"A fanciful legend," comment the chroniclers of the early '40s in their musty volumes, "but not less strange than the buildings to which it relates." And the 1923 Spring edition Yucatologist with his luxurious Pullman cars, his "Fortingas," and his other creature comforts, cheerfully accepts friendship, guidance and philosophy and answers,

"Not less strange."

Less than a month ago a group of eminent American archaeologists sat at a banquet table in the foyer of the Opera House at Merida—the colorful and altogether charming capital of the Mexican State of Yucatan.

With the last course of the sumptuous Yucatecan feast—a veritable deluge of sweet flavored oranges, pineapples, bananas and luscious zapotes—the host arose to greet formally his distinguished guests and to offer his good wishes toward the object of their long journey. He was Felipe Carrillo Puerto, Yucatan's Socialist Governor, and direct descendant of Nachi Cocum, the last of the Maya kings and the valorous defender of his fatherland against the conquistadore, Montejo.

As poetically fitted the occasion—a "finale" it seemed to the plaintive yet stirring strains of the "Jarana" played by the native orchestra—the Governor spoke in the language of his ancient race. It was the Maya tongue, used today by more than three million people, and with the exception of the Guarani in Uruguay, the only Indian language in the New World to dominate that of the conqueror. Many of the local guests understood it perfectly, and a few of the archaeologists.

With simple sincerity the Governor hailed this first expedition of American scientists and tourists as an epoch making event in the history of his state. He expressed high appreciation of those great

organizations represented at the official function—the Carnegie Institution, the Museum of the American Indian (Heye Foundation) and the Peabody Museum of Harvard University.

Then with a feeling that pierced the barrier of a strange idiom he described a ruined Maya temple such as crowns the majestic pyramids of Uxmal and Chichen-Itza. "High up there in their sculptured halls," he said, "they are waiting—the ghosts of the Maya are waiting for you. They have been silent through the centuries. You will be the first to hear their story. Hear it and tell it to the world."

The descendant of Nachi Cocum—the big, handsome Mestizo whom the reactionary planters of sisal hemp execrate as "the red dragon with the jade eyes," and whom 300,000 workers of Southwestern Mexico have deified as their deliverer, protector and infallible guide—touched with precision the hope of the scientific men from the United States. The Maya story is the end and aim of their endeavor. It is the ultimate goal of their present survey of those marvelous monuments that mark a wide, unkroken path from Mayapan, near the northernmost cusp of the Yucatan Peninsula, into the adjoining state of Campeche, some 100 miles below.

American archaeology in Yucatan insists that science alone will be able to communicate with the Maya ghosts. Its voice will be the sole medium for bearing across the chasm of the ages those significant questions of "How?" and "When?" and "Why?" and for carrying back to the world an answer that will illumine, perhaps, the beginnings of the human family.

But if science would learn the story of the Maya, warns Dr. John C. Merriam, president of the Carnegie Institution and leader of the expedition, it must approach the sculptured halls with a wand instead of a pick and shovel.

"The Maya will remain inarticulate forever," he explains, "unless the utmost care be exercised. Ignorant excavations and neglect to properly classify the excavated material will only destroy the record for all time. Better by far to leave the cities beneath the soil for another hundred years and to sow maize over them than to expose them to the vandalism of careless handling. If the Maya is to tell his own story through his wonderful structures, his massive mounds and his countless thousands of carved stones it is imperative that the archaeologist know exactly where he is at each stage, and that he identify and classify each object wherever found. The story is there—the engineering, the philosophy, the literature of the Maya. But to use the pick and shovel without intelligence will shatter it beyond reconstruction. The Carnegie Institution realizes the full responsibility of giving the world the Maya story and of giving immortality to the Maya. Individuals die, but the work they accomplish is the most important fact of their lives. If what they have left behind them is destroyed, the loss is greater than the mere wiping out of a race."

This reverential attitude, with its slow, painstaking methods, will guide the American scientific bodies now surveying Yucatan's vast archaeological territory should they decide to undertake excavations.

The Carnegie Institution has a very definite plan. For nine years Carnegie experts, led by Dr. Sylvanus Griswold Morley, have been delving into the Maya field. They have gone through Guatemala, British Honduras and the Yucatan Peninsula, studying the architecture, the sculpture and the hieroglyphics, and in many instances dating monuments and the migrations of peoples. Their explorations have revealed a sequence of cultures which coincide more or less accurately with these dates. In some sections they have found a single stage of culture. In others, two. In still others, several, with one or more of the stages missing.

Their next logical move is to ascertain where all of these stages appear in their sequence, and to work intensively here over a long period of years. So the Car-

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PAUL A. F. WALTER, EDITOR.

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negie men, after looking about, are now focusing on Yucatan, to determine exactly where this course may be carried out most satisfactorily. They will be influenced, naturally, in their selection by the character of the place and by the working conditions there.

"Obviously," observes Dr. Merriam, it will be necessary to have the fullest co-operation of the Federal and State Goverments after we have presented to them the plan of the work to do."

But although this point involves the relation of the people of the United States to the people of Mexico, Dr. Merriam and William Barclay Parsons, Carnegie trustee, who is also a member of the party, fear no difficulties. Both express their confidence in the active support of Governor Carrillo and of Manuel F. Gamio, Director of Anthropology for the Mexican Government. And both agree that the ruined cities of Uxmal and Chichen-Itza should offer unrivaled opportunity for tracing back, step by step, or rather stone by stone, to the dawn of Maya civilization.

Science concedes that, judged as a whole, this civilization was the most remarkable expression of the native American mind. Herbert J. Spinden, noted archaeologist, representing Harvard University on the Yucatan survey, asserts that the Mayas "produced one of the four really great and coherent expressions of beauty so far given to the world, and that their influence in America was historically as important as was that of the Greeks in Europe." He maintains, further, that in perspective applied to the human figure the Mayas excelled the Egyptians and the Assyrians.

Yet today absolutely nothing is known of the origin of the Maya people. Their record is lost in remotest antiquity. Even the lamp of tradition has withheld its vague, fitful glare from their beginnings. After centuries of study and exploration, conjecture and theorizing, not an authentic word has been written into the first chapter of Maya history. The earliest established date in the Maya hieroglyphic writing is 100 B. C., but even at this period, points out Dr. Morley, "the inscriptions literally burst upon us fully formed, the flower of long continued astronomical observations expressed in a graphic system of exceeding intricacy."

It is true that the Maya date for the creation of the world is now accepted by the archaeologists as 3300 B. C. The discovery was made about 30 years ago by G. T. Goodman, a Pacific coast editor, who also enjoys the distinction of having "discovered" Mark Twain. Goodman had never seen a Maya ruin, but correctly based his calculations upon the drawings of glyphs and inscriptions appearing in A. P. Maudslay's "Biologia Centrale Americano." This date, however, in no way indicates the antiquity of the Maya race. It was arbitrarily fixed by the priests when they decided to adopt a starting point and to put a definite limit upon time. Consequently, Maya history was moulded to fit that limit, although the only happenings that can be deciphered with certainty are the conjunctions of the planets and other astronomical phenomena.

A fortunate inconsistency in an "auto de fe" is responsible for even this meagre information of the ancient Maya times and for the chronology of the principal events from the colonization of the Yucatan Peninsula to the days of the Spanish conquest. Father Landa, one of the padres who accompanied Montejo, confesses in his "Las Cosas de Yucatan" (The Things of Yucatan) to finding a great number of books written by the Maya priests on paper made from the roots and barks from certain trees and rendered indestructible by a lustrous white varnish. "I burned them all," he boasted, "because there was nothing in them that had not some superstition and falsehood of the devil."

But before destroying them he gained some knowledge of the Maya writing, and, altho he left no translation he made a copy of the alphabetical signs and of the hieroglyphics symbolizing the days and the months. The zealous monk proudly boasted that he had burned all the books, "at which the natives were marvelously sorry and distressed," yet four managed to escape the flames, to be preserved to this day in European libraries, and his alphabet now serves as a key to their translation.

Through these native chronicles, known as the "books of Chilam Balam," and through the inscriptions on the monuments, archaeology has been able to follow the building and the description of some of the Maya cities during the first fifteen centuries of the Christian era. It has been ascertained that Maya history may be divided into two general epochs, the Old and the New Empire, each containing several distinct periods. The old Empire, beginning only the Maya ghosts know when, lasted until 600 A.D. It embraced what are now the Mexican States of Chiapas and Tabasco, Peten and Izabal in Guatemala, and the adjoining western part of Honduras. The New Empire grew out of the Old in the fifth century and flourished on the Yucatan Peninsula—although gradually declining—until the dominion of Spain in 1541. But while we know that the Maya migrated to Yucatan between the fifth and seventh centuries, it is likely that the sequence of cultures at Uxmal and Chichen-Itza—responding to the wand of science—will reveal the migration only as a return to sites abandoned generations before.

For few of the noble structures of these two cities and of others scattered throughout the peninsula defy the dating process. Speculation on their antiquity has completely disregarded the biblical guide as to the age of man. The scientists of the present expedition incline toward the most generally accepted theory that the Maya coming originally from northeastern Asia, settled in Yucatan during the neolithic period, possibly 10,000 years ago. In discussing the source of this baffling fragment of the human race, Professor Marshall H. Saville, internationally recognized Maya authority, who accompanied the expedition for the Museum of the American Indian, claims that his recent investigations only confirm his belief that the Maya civilization was not inherited, but that it independently developed the features of North African and Asiatic civilizations from a state of neolithic culture. His verification some weeks ago of Phallic worship among the Mayas from temples explored at Uxmal and at Chichen-Itza is, according to Professor Saville, a significant point in establishing the theory that the same ideas will take root and grow in the same soil of the human mind without outside influence.

Dr. Auguste Le Plongeon, the eccentric French savant, who devoted thirty years of his life to the study of the Maya ruins, advanced the theory back in the 70's that the Yucatan Peninsula isitself the cradle of human civilization. He asserted that his knowledge of the hieroglyphics (a knowledge that is doubted by some authorities) convinced him that the white-robed priests of Uxmal had carried their religion into Egypt, and that the

Yucatan coast was merely the edge of that vast lost continent now submerged thousands of feet below the stormy Atlantic. Le Plongeon was of the opinion that the Egyptians received the rudiments of their culture from the Mayas about one hundred and fifty centuries ago.

Many representations of aprons bearing human hands, actually found by him on temple walls, spelt to Le Plongeon the origin of Freemasonry in Yucatan thousands of years before King Solomon. He was also the discoverer of the famous statue of Chaacmol, the master piece of Mayan art. Chaacmol, he asserted was the Mayan for Abel, and that it was the Uxmal priests who taught the people of Chemi about the creation of the world, the story of Adam and Eve, and of Cain and Abel.

Strange and fantastic seem those theories, but, since no man speaks with authority on the origin of the Maya, who can positively refute them? Modern archaeology stands as helpless before the riddle as did Hernandez de Cordoba in 1517, when he discovered the Yucatan Peninsula and marveled at the magnificent edifices outlining its coast. And until the wand of science breaks the long silence of the Mayan ghosts, one guess, perhaps, is as good as another.

But in the meantime the traveler is "rediscovering" Yucatan. The world is making friendly overtures to the mysterious Maya ruins. Yucatan is being hailed as the "Egypt of America." Those whom the lure of its baffling beauty calls to its shores are known as "Yucatologists." On the 16th of last month the first organized party of tourists to visit Uxmal "picnicked" under the corbel arch of "La Casa de Los Monjas," the "Temple of the Nuns." Two days later they journed to Chichen-Itza, the final lap of the trip being made in motor over a splendid twenty-five-mile highway, which has just been completed. Governor Felipe Carrillo Puerto is the moving spirit in arousing world-wide interest in the land of his royal ancestors. He is making the famous ruins accessible to the "Yucatologist." He has built and is building several fine roads, and plans to connect all the archaeological regions of the State by automobile highways. In his work he is being assisted ably and enthusiastically by the Association Conservadores de los Monumentos Arqueologicos de Yucatan, a group of erudite men of Merida, headed by Don Felipe G. Canton. This association is the only one of its kind in Latin America. It has been the most effective medium for interested scientific bodies of the United States in the proposed explorations which promise such rare additions to the store of human knowledge.

IN MEMORIAM

Alice Cunningham Fletcher.

In the death of Alice Cunningham Fletcher at her home, 214 First Street, S. E., Washington, D. C., the School of American Research loses one of its revered founders and staunchest supporters. The tidings reached Santa Fe on Saturday, April 7, and the flags on the Museum buildings were half-masted until after the funeral which took place at Washington, on Sunday afternoon. It was on Friday, that the gentle soul passed, after weeks of suffering. Frail for many years, it became apparent a month ago, that the end was not far off. Yet, the news came as a shock to the many close friends that Miss Fletcher had made during her visits in Santa Fe.

Born in Boston in 1845, Miss Fletcher was educated in private schools. She interested herself early in life in the welfare of Indians, their ethnology, myths and music. She devised the system for loaning small sums of money to them for the purchase of lands, the building of homes and planting of crops, which in some form or other is still in practice today. Through the act of August 7, 1882, she was instrumental in securing the allotment of lands in severalty to the

Omaha tribe, and was appointed special agent to allot the lands to this tribe, the first woman to hold an office of this nature. The task was performed so satisfactorily that the allotment of the lands of the Winnebago Indians and of the Nez Perces Tribe from 1887 to 1892 was also assigned to her. The Chicago Exposition of 1893 gave her opportunity for further research work, being officially connected with the anthropological department of the great World's Fair. She had been an assistant in ethnology of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology since 1882, and in 1891 had bestowed upon her the Thaw Fellowship which she held up to the time of her death.

Many well deserved honors came to Miss Fletcher during the long years of her scientific activities. She had served as president of the Anthropological Society of Washington, D. C., in 1896 was vice president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, was president of the American Folk Lore Society and had been repeatedly honored by the Archaeological Institute of America. She helped to plan in detail the School of American Research and took the keenest interest in its research work and growth. At the time of her death she was Chairman Emeritus of the Managing Committee of the School. She attended several summer sessions of the School and upon several occasions spoke to large gatherings in the Auditorium of the School. In the homes in Santa Fe in which she was an honored guest from time to time, she would give delightful talks that were informative and scholarly.

The best known books by Miss Fletcher,—both classics in their way,—are: "Indian Story and Song from North America" which was printed in 1900, and "Indian Games and Songs" published a few years ago and compiled especially for use in the schools. Numerous papers on anthropological subjects flowed from her pen and have been permanently recorded in the publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Peabody Museum, Harvard University, The American Anthropologist and the Folk Lore Journal. Miss Fletcher's hospitable home in the national capital was the place for many notable gatherings. Her advice and counsel were sought in many matters appertaining to the Indians and the organizations which are devoted to science and research work.

MUSEUM EVENTS

Three New Exhibits.

Three alcoves in the Art Gallery of the Museum at Santa Fe are given to the newest paintings by B. J. O. Nordfeldt, J. G. Bakos, and F. G. Applegate, all of them having the modern view point but each highly individualistic in their treatment although there is similarity to some extent in technique. It is strong, virile work that each of the three artists presents, some of it worthy to live as typical of the art achievements of the Southwest.

Reception by Los Cinco Pintores.

Los Cinco Pintores on Thursday afternoon, April 12, inaugurated a series of weekly exhibits and afternoon receptions for art lovers. The nineteen pictures of the first exhibit were hung in the large room of the house built for himself by J. G. Bakos, one of the group which has within two years created a settlement of unique Santa Fe homes on Sunmount or "El Monte del Sol." The room proved itself admirably adapted to the purpose, but the intention is to build a gallery this summer, the artists performing the labor with their own hands, one third of the proceeds from the sale of all pictures to be set aside to pay for the material. The structure is to be typical of the Santa Fe style, to be of adobe, well lighted and to be a model in its way for a small gallery. The exhibit on Thursday afternoon, was one of which any gallery would have been proud for it was distinctive and the work covered a wide range both as to medium and themes although

running mostly to Southwestern landscapes. Etchings, drawings, water colors and oils were attractively grouped. The young men of the colony who were the hosts, served tea and were delighted with the evident pleasure that the innovation in the way of art exhibits they had inaugurated gave to the other artists, the writers and other callers who came during the afternoon. The artists exhibiting were Willard Nash, W. E. Murk, J. G. Bakos, Fremont Ellis and Will Schuster.

April Follies by the Artists.

Santa Fe artists added several hundred dollars to the "milk" fund for underfed children and the fund for aid to the Pueblos, by giving a triple entertainment, beginning with an exhibit and sale of paintings on Sunday, April 8, and concluding with a theatrical presentation "April Follies" in the St. Francis Auditorum of the Museum, and a "Cowboys Ball" in La Fonda, the new tourist hotel. During the art exhibit, fifteen paintings of the twenty of uniform size given by as many artists, were sold at the uniform price of $15 each adding $225 to the fund. Tea was served in the Woman's Reception Room. The affair proved a great social success, hundreds of callers dropping in during the afternoon. "The Follies" on Monday evening brought out a large audience. It was staged entirely by the Artists along decidedly original lines and bubbled with fun from rise to drop of curtain. The ball which followed was a gay affair in costume, the setting created by the artists being in keeping with the traditions of the Southwestern cattle range.

IN THE FIELD

Tour of Pueblo Land.

The same institutions and agencies which were in charge of the recent tour of the Maya cities in northern Yucatan, are planning a similar tour of Pueblo Land which is to include the Mesa Verde, the Chaco Canyon, the Rainbow Bridge, the Casas Grandes Country, the Pajarito Cliff Dwellings and the Pueblos from Taos to Zuni.

Tour of the Missions.

Arrangements have been completed for a two weeks tour of the old Spanish Missions from Acoma to Taos during May by Architect Hoyt, of Denver, and Wesley Bradfield, of the Museum. Studies will be made, pictures taken and surveys completed that will enable the Society for the Preservation of the Old Missions to plan its work for which financial assistance is in sight.

IT IS WRITTEN

March Art and Archaeology.

The Vassar College Psyche Tapestries are described and pictured by Elizabeth Hazelton Haight in the March issue of Art and Archaeology. Tho Antiquities of Ireland, The House of Tristram the Hermit, A June Day at Sulgrave Manor and Athlete Reliefs from the Themostoclean Wall at Athens are other titles beautifully illustrated.

GALLERIES AND EXHIBITS

Etchings at Alamogordo.

Etchings by Ralph G. Pearson and B. J. O. Nordfeldt were exhibited on St. Patrick's day in the Alamo Hotel at Alamogordo. While the exhibit was under the auspices of the Shakespeare Club other clubs of the city took part.